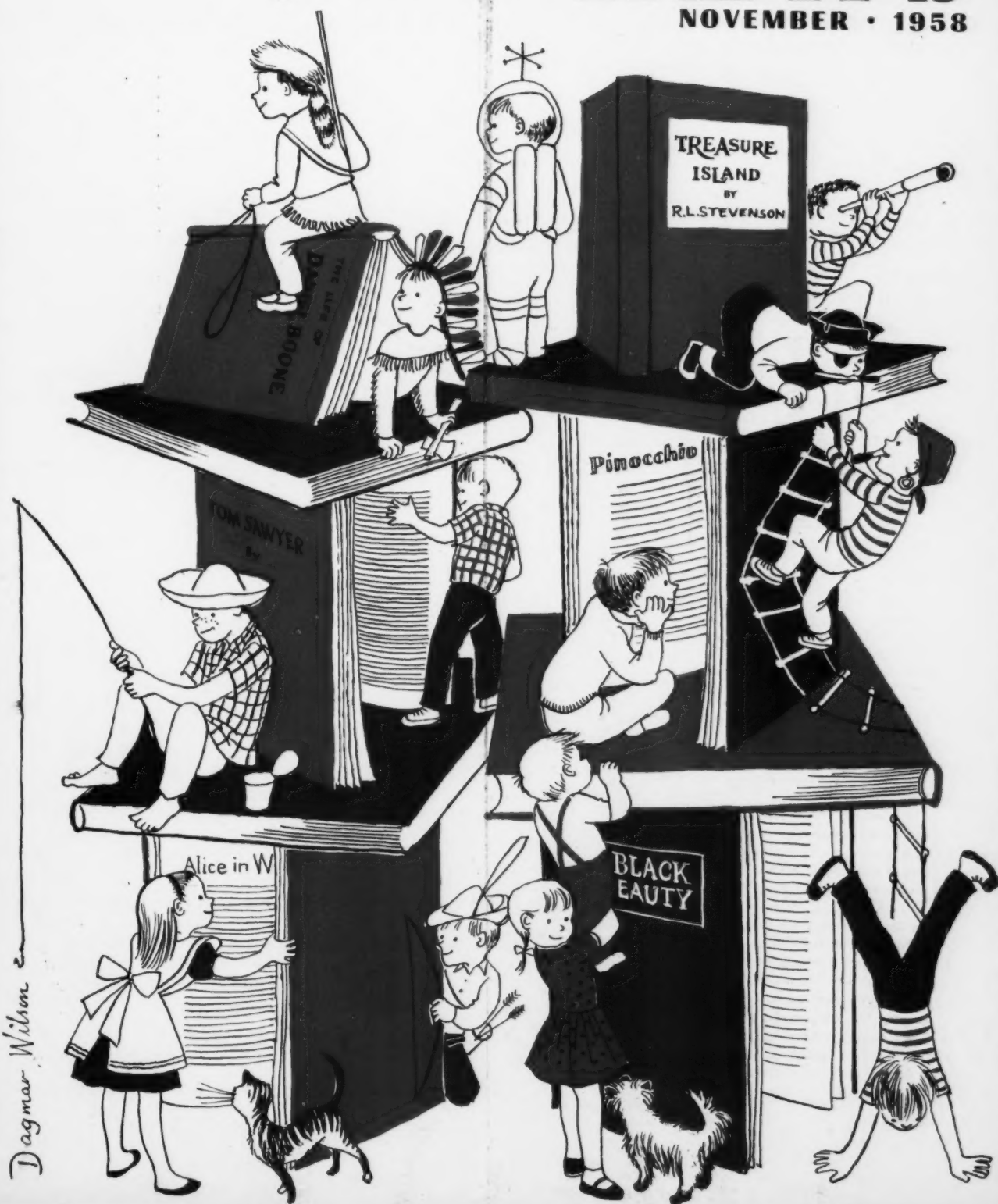




American Junior Red Cross

NEWS

NOVEMBER • 1958



American Junior Red Cross

Vol. 40 NOVEMBER 1958 No. 2

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MANY WONDERFUL WORLDS

WORLD OF BOOKS



Explore with Books

Children's Book Week will be celebrated all over the country this year, November 2-8. Its slogan, "Explore with Books" is illustrated on our November NEWS cover by the artist, Dagmar Wilson. How many books pictured on the cover have you explored?

World of Books

On pages 14-15 in this month's NEWS, you will find a "World of Books" with a list of books given as suggestions for a world of reading about children in other lands.

A limited number of reprints of these pages are available to teachers so long as the supply lasts. Your Junior Red Cross chairman can order a reprint for your classroom should you want one for your bulletin board, but you will have to act fast!

All Around the Land

A new book under this title by Gladys R. Saxon has just been published by Henry Holt & Co., New York. The NEWS is proud that all the stories in it were first published in its pages, so it is really our very own story book.

Coming Next Month

The NEWS editors have been working hard for many months on their special Christmas "package" just for you. The 4-color cover by Henry Pitz and the song, "Snowflakes" on the back cover we think make a gay wrapping for all the lively stories and the gay illustrations tucked inside the pages. You will want to watch for such special features as "The Gift of the Little Pine Tree," "Small Christmas Pilgrim," "White House Christmas," "Christmas in the Giant Forest," and "The First Hanukkah."

A Thank You Prayer

From one of our 9-year old JRCers, Erla Schmitt in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, comes this Thanksgiving poem:

"Thank you dear Lord for the world so fine
Thank you dear Lord for the birds who sit in the pine
Thank you dear Lord for the day so bright
Thank you dear Lord for the darkest night."

—LOIS S. JOHNSON, editor



photo by Peter Marcus

READING THE NEWS

We love to have our teacher read to us the stories in the NEWS say Joann Jean-guenat, Russell Fahrendorff and Debbie Hanson. Mrs. Leone Lloyd is the teacher-sponsor at Prescott School, Minneapolis, Minn.

Carrie's Goose to the Rescue

By Helen Reeder Cross

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WILDE



Carrie dashed the butter paddle evenly up and down.

"YOU'RE GOING TO CATCH IT!" John teased. "Suppose I tell Mother you were reading your library book instead of knitting and watching the geese?"

Carrie laid the book carefully on the grass and picked up the half-finished stocking.

"I know I shouldn't have been reading," she admitted. "But the story is so tempting, John. You ought to understand. You told me about *Robinson Crusoe*. Imagine being a cast-away on a desert island!"

Carrie's eyes grew dreamy. She and John had never seen the ocean. Their New England village was 2 days' journey from the sea.

"Yes, I know," John nodded, serious now. "It is a good tale. Lots better than the *Almanac* or my school books. Girls are lucky not to have to go to school. But Mother

wouldn't like your reading in midmorning, just the same. You know how she fussed when Father let you join the Library Society. She said then you'd neglect your tasks with a new book to tempt you every month."

Carrie knew what Mistress Deming thought of allowing girls to "waste time reading." There was too much work—spinning, knitting, cooking, candle-dipping—for women and girls to do. Almost everyone felt that way about teaching girls to read in the year 1785.

Everyone except their father. Master Deming had taught Carrie to read from the family Bible. She had been such an apt pupil that he was proud of Carrie's love of books.

Carrie knitted double-quick to make up for lost time, until a bell rang in the valley.

"That's Mother," Carrie cried, jumping

up. She began shooing the geese together. Next to books, Carrie loved her geese best. She had raised them from eggs bought from Mr. Timpkin, the traveling Yankee peddler. Thanks to her flock, the Deming family slept on soft feather beds, ate fresh eggs and roast goose on holidays.

Lugging the precious book under one arm, Carrie guided her geese home with a long willow branch in the other hand.

"Don't drop *Robinson Crusoe* in the mud!" John warned. "Remember Deacon Tuttle's fine for spoiling his book."

As if Carrie could forget. She remembered last month's Village Library meeting.

President Dodd had said sternly to poor Deacon Tuttle, "Seven pages of the *History of Persia* burned! Indeed, sir, though it pains me, I must fine you the sum of a dollar. Next time take care that your reading candle does not fall onto the pages of your book!"

How Carrie hoped such a catastrophe would never happen to her.

The very next morning Carrie read in bed until twice called to breakfast. Later, with only half her spinning done, she read "just a few pages more."

"Don't fret at the child," Master Deming said quietly to his wife when she complained of Carrie's naughtiness. "The love of reading is like a hunger that must be fed."

"That may be," her mother replied. "But America is a young nation. It needs industrious women and girls to build fine homes."

Carrie's undoing came because Robinson Crusoe found a footprint on his lonely beach. How could she possibly wait to find out whose footprint it was?

That morning her mother took a bowl of calves' foot jelly to a sick friend.

"You may churn the butter today without me, child," she told Carrie. "Only mind that you dream no dreams while you are about it."

Carrie was proud of being left to make the

butter alone. Sitting in the sunshine on the back stoop, her geese hissing contentedly in the dooryard, she dashed the paddle evenly up and down.

All went well until a tiny temptation whispered in her ear, "Churning takes but one hand. You can hold the book with the other and find out about that footprint in the sand."

It worked like a charm—until Hiram, the oldest and boldest gander, spoiled everything. With a flapping of his great wings he lighted, squawking and awkward in his mistress's lap. In the confusion Carrie's book fell to the floor; the churn tipped; the milk spilled all over *Robinson Crusoe*!

"What shall I do?" Carrie mourned tearfully at suppertime. "'Tis a hard lesson, child," Mistress Deming said. "If only you had learned not to be greedy with your reading."

Her father looked sad.

"The fine will be a heavy one, I fear," he told Carrie. "Our Library Society has only 100 books on its shelves. Each is expensive to replace. The President will likely be severe."

Severe he was. President Dodd had never thought highly of letting a girl become a member of the Library Society. This accident proved to him that books and girls did not mix.

"You must pay a fine of \$2.43, Carrie," he told her, "before you may borrow another book."

It might as well have been a fortune. Even John, a boy, would find it hard to earn that much. Carrie had sold a few goose eggs. But most of the neighbors had hens enough with eggs of their own. Tied into a kerchief in her bureau she had 74¢. Carrie was saving this to buy jet buttons from the Yankee peddler as a present for her mother's next birthday.

Hardest of all to bear was news of another library book even more wonderful than *Robinson Crusoe*. John had read it. *Gulliver's*



Travels told of a land where tiny men lived—men so small that Mr. Gulliver could hold 100 of them in his hand. Carrie would have given her whole flock of geese (especially Hiram!) to read the story.

Still, with no book to tempt her, Carrie's stints were done these days. She learned to churn sweet butter. John's stockings were finished and a knitted hood dyed red with pokeberry juice for Baby Ephraim.

Weeks went by. Autumn came, crisp and golden. Just before Thanksgiving Carrie and her mother plucked their holiday goose. They sat on the stoop, feathers blowing in a cloud around them. Picked onto a sheet with its corners tied into a bag, the feathers would be saved in the attic until fresh beds and pillows were needed for the family.

Suddenly John came racing toward them from the orchard.

"Mr. Timpkin is coming! I saw his horse and cart down the turnpike."

Carrie clapped her hands. It was a great day in the village when the Yankee peddler came. Besides wares from all over the world, he brought stories to entertain young and old.

"Oh, Mother!" Carrie cried. "May we ask Mr. Timpkin to sup and stay with us?"

"Yes, run quickly, John. Invite Mr. Timpkin to sup and stay the night." John disappeared in a flurry of dust.

What a day that was! The Deming house bulged with visitors, for the peddler's cart drew customers like a magnet. Everyone wished to see his wares and to hear his tales. In colonial days, far from cities like Boston and New York, village stores stocked only the necessities. Mr. Timpkin's cart held a bit of the strange and wonderful world beyond the seven seas.

It was lined with shelves. Some were piled with silks and jars of spices. There were needles and pins, fine gloves for the ladies. Beads and rings, pewter teapots, molasses. French dolls with china heads for little girls, glass marbles for boys, and India rubber balls.

Carrie rushed in and out. She helped her mother pare apples for a mammoth pie, kept an eye on Baby Ephraim, and tried not to miss any of the fun. After Carrie had prepared the best goose feather bed for Mr. Timpkin, she slipped out to the cart with her 74¢.



Everyone wished to see Mr. Timpkin's wares and hear his tales.

With this she bought six shining jet buttons for her mother's birthday. These cost 40¢. That, she counted sadly, left only 34¢ toward the library fine. It was scarcely a beginning toward \$2.43. Nor would it buy the pretty coral necklace Mr. Timpkin showed her.

"'Tis beautiful," Carrie told him. She touched the delicate pink beads admiringly. "But I can't buy it, sir. I owe the Library Society \$2.43."

"Tell me about it, child," the peddler asked sympathetically. His face was grave.

So Carrie told him about the accident to *Robinson Crusoe*. She told him, too, about the new book, *Gulliver's Travels*, that she longed to read.

"Don't worry," he told her, patting her shoulder kindly. "Perhaps we can think of a way to pay that fine, you and I."

That was an evening to remember. After a special company supper, there were hours of listening to the peddler's stories. The Demings' parlor was jammed with villagers who came to listen and to laugh. Later as she lay in bed, Carrie thought she would never sleep

for dreaming of the peddler's tales.

Next morning at breakfast Mr. Timpkin looked up from his mush to say, "Methinks I never slept so well before. What do you put into your beds, Mistress Deming, to make them soft as a cloud?"

The children's mother smiled. "They aren't my beds, really, but Carrie's," she said. You once sold the child some goose eggs. They hatched under her care and others since then. Now each of us has a mattress of goose down."

Mr. Timpkin looked at Carrie. "Indeed?" he asked. "Methinks others of my customers might like sleeping on such beds. Do you perchance have some feathers I might buy from you, Carrie?"

"The ones we plucked yesterday!" Carrie exclaimed. "We don't really need to save them, do we, Mother?"

Mistress Deming smiled. "You may sell them to Mr. Timpkin, dear, if he wishes to buy them," she said.

It was almost too good to be true. When the peddler had weighed the sheetful of feathers, he gave Carrie three shining silver dollars. It was enough to pay her library fine with 57¢ left over.

After Mr. Timpkin's cart had disappeared over the hill, Carrie flew at her tasks. It was only a week until the Library Society's next meeting. Then, her fine paid, she would read the tempting new book, *Gulliver's Travels*.

"How good to have a light-hearted maid again," Master Deming said, as he smiled at Carrie bent over her cross-stitch sampler. "Has my bookworm learned that pleasure should be the dessert of a busy life, saved for the end of a useful day?"

"Indeed I have, Father," Carrie smiled up at him. "I shall never have to pay for milk spilled on a book again." Her eyes shone as she thought of the 100 books in the Village Library, all waiting to be read.

(END)

Me — And The Red Cross

I am a boy not yet a man,
I have the world to see.

But I'm a member of the Red Cross
That I'm proud to be.

It helps you, it helps me,
With our daily living,

So I'm proud to wear the button
That the Red Cross is giving.

I don't know when it first began,
I hope it never ends,

For if you have the Red Cross
You have a lot of friends!

I know that you will like it,
Once you are a member,

Then you will read its magazine,
From January to December.

So join the Red Cross now, today,
And help yourself and your country
on its way.

—RONALD JOHNSON (Age 12)
*Daniel Boone Public School
Philadelphia, Pa.*

We



SPRINGFIELD, Mass. — Representatives of a second grade at Washington School receive enrollment supplies from the President of the JRC council.



ST. LOUIS, Mo.—Boys at St. Anthony's Boys School do a remarkable job with glue and glitter in making holiday items for hospitalized patients.

Enroll for Service

DULUTH, Minn.—Kay Kenyon, Willie James Cameron, Mary Lou Cameron, Sian McCrea-Jones and June Gee are busily preparing gift boxes.



W. Van Steinburg photo



CINCINNATI, Ohio—A 10-foot high stack of JRC gift boxes for young children overseas will not stop Dwayne Dearth, Mt. Adams School, from adding one more.



ILLUSTRATED BY TIM EVANS

A Junior Red Cross skit for assembly programs written by Junior Red Cross,
District of Columbia Chapter, Washington, D. C.

CAST—(in order of their appearance)

Narrator
Cross, the bossy pig
Red, the troublesome pig
Junior, the serious pig
Horrible, the wolf

PROPS—

Three signs (one for each pig—CROSS, RED, JUNIOR)
Sign for clubhouse—FOUL FELLOWS
Sign for clubhouse—JUNIOR RED CROSS
Gift box and articles to be packed in it.
Holiday tray mats, favors, candy cups.
Several small Christmas stockings filled with cigarettes and hard candy.

SCENE—Large cardboard clubhouse in center of stage. Three pigs sit in front of clubhouse. Each pig wears sign with his name on it. Narrator stands stage right.

STAGE DIRECTIONS—Only a minimum of stage directions are given. Throughout the narration, any pantomime may be used.

NARRATOR—Once upon a time, when everyone pretends,

There were three little pigs—all good friends.

(Each pig stands and bows as he is introduced)

First was the pig by the name of **CROSS**. He never, never smiled and he thought he was boss. Next there was **RED**—the middle-sized one, When he got in trouble—he thought it great fun. Then came **JUNIOR**—the smallest of the three, A serious thinker, a right good pig, he. Now these little pigs all played together

And looked for trouble—in any kind of weather.

(Cross places sign, FOUL FELLOWS, on front of clubhouse)

And they had a nasty leader—but they thought he was swell.

His name was **HORRIBLE**, and as anyone could see,

He was as horrible as a wolf could be.

(Wolf appears, snarls, and leaves)

As the story starts we see our three
Sitting and figuring where their leader could be,
And they're all discussing their life of crime.
But be sure to remember—this is once upon a time.

RED—*(laughing)*—Oh weren't we naughty? Won't Horrible the Wolf be proud of the way we misbehaved?

CROSS *(crossly)*—Even Horrible himself couldn't have done more mischief.

JUNIOR *(staring into space, dreamily)*—What did we do?

CROSS—Why you stupid pig, don't you know? You were there.

JUNIOR—Yeah, but I wasn't paying attention—I've been thinking about something for quite a while.

RED—I thought you weren't blowing hard enough. I was doing all the work. What's the matter, didn't you want to blow Farmer Brown's house down?

CROSS—I huffed and I puffed.

RED—And I puffed and I huffed.

CROSS AND RED together— . . . And we blew the house down!

JUNIOR—I couldn't help you—I just couldn't huff a single huff or puff a single puff—'cause I've just been too busy thinking. (*Lies on floor on his stomach—elbows on the floor—head on hands—still dreaming*)

NARRATOR—Now, because we're pretending and this is make-believe
I can read Junior's mind and tell what's up his sleeve.

The thing that's been bothering this little one
Is the trouble that they're made with the things they've done.

Now take that house that they huffed and blew
Junior knows that it wasn't the thing to do.
'Cause Farmer Brown who did them no harm
Now has no house and sleeps in the barn.
And little Junior pig has dreamed up a plan
To help—not hurt—his fellow man.

(*Junior sits up again and the three pretend to talk together*)

And he tells the others how they ought to change
The rules of the club—and rearrange
All the evil-doing to a plan of good
And they all agree that *maybe* they should.
So they sit and figure—what could be the name
Of a club that has "Service for Others" as its aim.

ALL—Let's name it after us.

CROSS—How about **CROSS Red Junior**. (*They line up in that order*)

RED—No—that's silly—try **RED Junior Cross**. (*They try that*)

JUNIOR—My name ought to be first 'cause I thought up the whole thing.

RED—(*as they arrange themselves in order*)—Let's see now, that would be. . . . (*Looking at signs on themselves*)

JUNIOR—Junior

RED—Red

CROSS—Cross

ALL—That's it—Junior Red Cross!

(*Red takes down Foul Fellows sign and puts up Junior Red Cross sign*)

NARRATOR—So they formed the group—Junior Red Cross—the name,
And "Service for Others" would be their aim.
They would all be friendly and all do good
And help their neighbors—just as much as they could.

And while they were talking of things they'd do
Along came that "Horrible—you know who"

(*Wolf enters*)

With a sneer and a grin for the plan he'd planned
He was coming to get the pigs to give him a hand.

WOLF—What say fellows? Boy, have I got a good one lined up for today. Let's get going, this will really be a piece of mischief. You'll love it. (*Begins to walk away mumbling "This is what I have in mind! We'll go down the road—etc." Pigs remain center stage. Wolf turns*) Say—aren't you going to get in trouble today—what's the matter with you pigs? I thought you liked trouble.

CROSS—Nope—we're not going.

RED—Not any more, we're not getting into trouble again.

JUNIOR—You're not going to get any of us to do that—we just formed a new club—look! (*Points to new sign*)

NARRATOR—Well as you can guess, the wolf was shocked

And disappointed that his fun was blocked.

(*Wolf acts out entire narration*)

And he tried very hard to change their mind
But the pigs had decided that they now were kind.
And he begged and pleaded and he even started
To get in a fight—but then he departed
And he'd only gone two feet or three
When he stopped and sat beside the great big tree
And he thought to himself "If they can't see me
Maybe I can watch them—in the JRC.
And maybe if I can't convince those squares
To join my club—maybe I'll join theirs."
So he hid himself and he saw the JRC's
Doing many things that would help and please.

(*CROSS gets gift boxes and supplies from behind clubhouse and displays articles as mentioned*)

The first little pig came to display
To the others, the gift box project for the day.
He showed them the box that he'd gotten to fill
For children in other lands—to promote goodwill.
Directions came with the box, he told,
For the gifts and things that the box should hold.
And the other pigs made up their minds
To fill the boxes with things they'd find
In a nearby store—a general kind.
So they put in pencils—three brand new—
And a small eraser, a compass, and a notepad too.
And a tube of toothpaste, some soap—both small,
And some thread with needles and a gay red ball.

JUNIOR—Now tell the truth, isn't this better than mischief? (*All agree*) Just think of the thrill some child in a far-off country will get when he opens this box.

RED—And I've filled out the Gift Box Acknowledgment envelope so whoever gets the box can thank us. . . .

CROSS—Then we'll know where our box went—say, that's exciting, isn't it?

NARRATOR—And wolf sat up and he watched them too,
And he heard the pigs say how much good they'd do—

How some girl or boy gets a gift box—far away—
And is happy and thanks Junior Red Cross for brightening his day.

The wolf was beginning to soften—the mischief of which he dreamed

Didn't sound so funny—maybe he wasn't as rough as he seemed.

*(Pigs go back behind clubhouse—
put all gift box things away)*

The second little pig all happy and gay
Showed the other two pigs his idea for the day.

(RED shows holiday art items)

First he told them the story of a sick little boy
And how Junior Red Cross could bring him joy.
He showed the mats of colors gay and snappy
With cute little pictures to make sick children happy.

They were mats to fit on a hospital tray
So food for the sick would look cheerful and gay.
There were Halloween pumpkins and witches and cats

And some were for Christmas—even Easter mats.
He showed them cheer-ups—little lollipop flowers
Or cups for candies to brighten hospital hours.

*(All three pigs talk about and look at mats and
favors. Then they go into clubhouse and come out
with Christmas stockings)*

The wolf was still watching—hadn't made up his mind

About whether to make trouble or join the pigs
and be kind.

And while he was thinking about what he'd seen
He had just decided he was through being mean,
When from inside the clubhouse he heard such a clatter

That he jumped up and ran to see what was the matter.

And what do you think was the happy reason
For their laughter? It was joy for the Christmas season!

Each little pig had filled and was showing
Christmas stockings that would be going
To a hospital—St. Elizabeth's nearby, and they

Knew that the stockings would brighten patients' Christmas day.

For a pack of cigarettes they had placed inside
And they'd filled the sock with hard candy—and then tied

The top with yarn—and they felt so smart
'Cause there were 6,000 being filled and they had done their part.

But the wolf had another idea—not good
And he grabbed all the stockings—that he could.

WOLF—Now you're talking—candy—all I can eat—that's for me.

CROSS—No, not for you—for patients. . . .

RED—Patients in St. E's Hospital

JUNIOR—Some of those patients don't get any other presents.

It's their Merry Christmas.

WOLF—Oh, I see. You pigs really mean that your Junior Red Cross helps, don't you? All those things you do . . . those gift boxes and tray favors and stockings—they all do good for others.

CROSS—That's it—SERVICE FOR OTHERS

RED—That's the whole idea—we help—not hurt.

JUNIOR—Join us, please.

WOLF—Well . . . I'm convinced . . . I'll join . . . how do I do it? I have no money.

CROSS—You can work on any of our projects.

RED—Or you could try to earn some pennies.

JUNIOR—A contribution or service—either one makes you a member.

(Pigs put wolf in the middle and dance around him—clap hands—laugh)

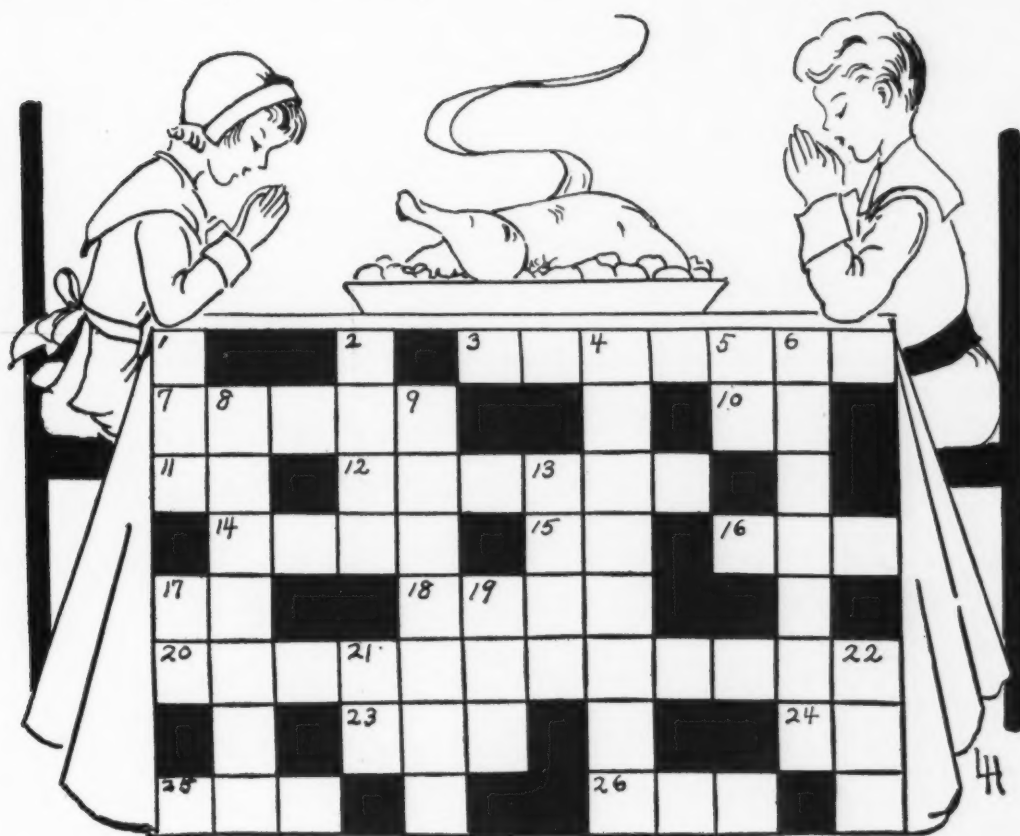
NARRATOR—So they all joined hands and they danced around

Happy and pleased with the thought they'd found.
That doing good for others is a lot of fun
And they knew they'd be happier when they were done.

So boys and girls—the story now ends
With JRC making everyone friends
And the wonderful things you saw the pigs do—
Are really things that you can do, too.
And Junior Red Cross is really the name
Of the group that has "Service for Others" as its aim.

And all boys and girls should join and do
These happy jobs—can we count on you?

THE END



Thanksgiving Day-Puzzle

By Lucy Hamilton

ACROSS

3. He was invited to the first Thanksgiving feast.
7. Clean by brushing.
10. Upon
11. Halloo
12. The best part of the Thanksgiving dinner.
14. Part of a house.
15. Part of "to be."
16. To free.
17. Steamship (Abbr.)
18. These are used in cooking the dinner.
20. Holiday celebrated in November.
23. Part of the body.
24. Compass direction.
25. To watch secretly.
26. A jewel.

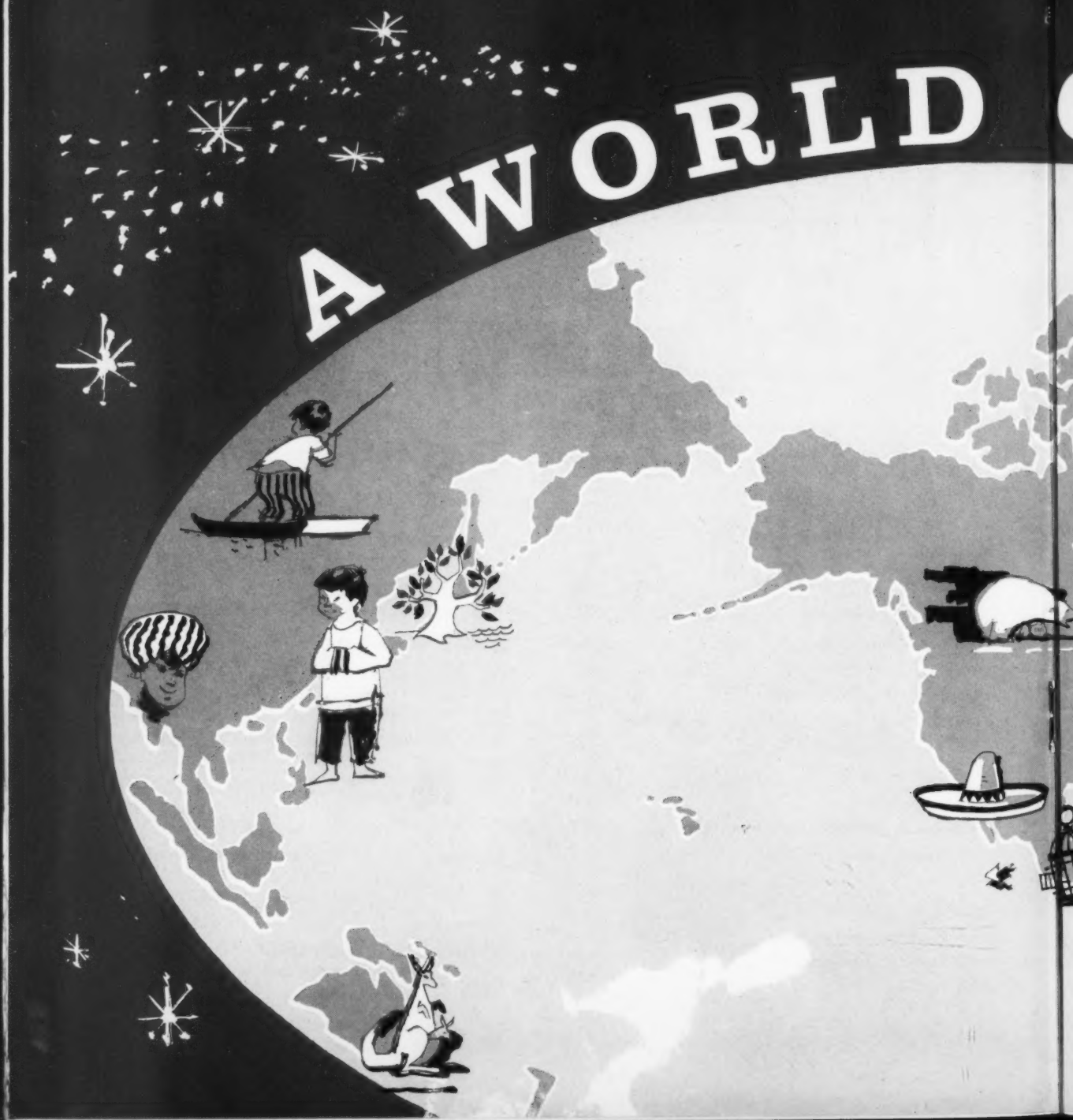
DOWN

1. What is left when a pipe burns out.
2. A way of saying "No."
4. The stuffing in the turkey.
5. Term used in boxing.
6. Some friendly ones showed the Pilgrims how to plant corn.
8. The Pilgrims came here to ——— as they pleased.
9. Kind of pie.
13. Because of him the Pilgrims came to America.
17. Street (Abbr.)
19. Snake
21. A New England state (Abbr.)
22. Gain.

Answers on page 26

Australia—Land and People of Australia (Blunden) ★ **Burma**—Burma Boy (Lindquist) ★ **Canada**—People of the Snow (Tolboom) ★ **Ceylon**—Black Lightning (Clark) ★ **Denmark**—Picture Story of Denmark (O'Neill) ★ **Ecuador**—Looking-for-Something (Clark) ★ **France**—Highway to Adventure, the River Rhone of France (Lauber) ★ **Germany**—Getting To Know Germany (Tor) ★ **Guatemala**—Santiago (Clark) ★ **India**—First Book of India (Hahn) ★ **Iran**—I Give You My Colt (Kelsey) ★ **Italy**—

Reading about children in other lands is fun. Above is a list
OF BOOKS, and you can add books of your own choosing. Send

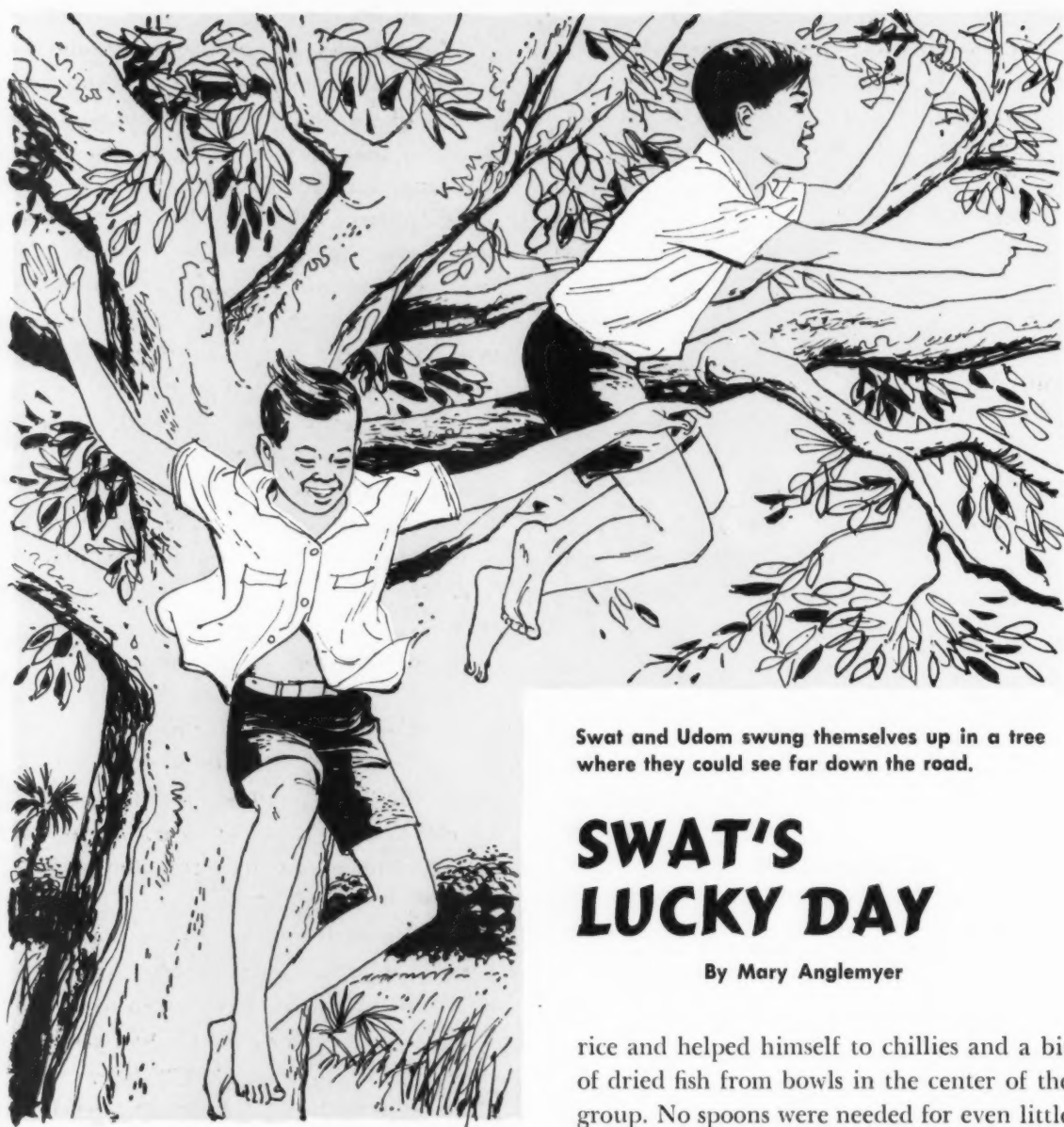


Marble Fountain (Angelo) ★ **Japan**—Village Tree (Yashima) ★ **Kashmir**—Little Boat Boy (Bothwell) ★ **Korea**—Kim of Korea (Norris and Lumn) ★ **Mexico**—Only the Strong (Du Soe) ★ **Netherlands**—Wheel on the School (DeJong) ★ **Norway**—Picture Story of Norway (O'Neill) ★ **Peru**—At the Palace Gates (Parish) ★ **Poland**—Marta the Doll (Lownsbery) ★ **South Africa**—Thirty-One Brothers and Sisters (Mirsky) ★ **Spain**—Luis of Spain (Buckley) ★ **Switzerland**—Bell for Ursli (Chonz)

is a list of books from which you can build your own WORLD
ing? See how many countries you can get acquainted with.

OF BOOKS





Swat and Udom swung themselves up in a tree where they could see far down the road.

SWAT'S LUCKY DAY

By Mary Anglemeyer

"WAKE UP, Boonsong!" called Swat, coming in from helping his father wash the water buffalo at the river. It was a warm summer morning in Ban Charoen (Village of Progress) in northeast Thailand, where Swat lived with his mother, father, and little sister Boonsong.

Boonsong bounced up from her sleeping mat, and soon the family gathered on the cool porch for breakfast. Each had a portion of

rice and helped himself to chillies and a bit of dried fish from bowls in the center of the group. No spoons were needed for even little Boonsong knew how to pick up a ball of rice delicately without getting any on the outside of the fingers.

Swat sighed, "I wish school wasn't going to be over so soon," he said. "If only I had something to read during the long vacation. But there isn't a single book in this village except the holy books in the temple and I can't read those. I'm afraid I'll forget all I've learned before I go to the city to school next term."

"I wish I could afford to buy some books

for you, son," said his father, "but we don't even have money for enough food, let alone books. If the rice crop isn't better this year than last, I'm afraid I can't even keep my promise to send you to high school."

"The end of school does not mean the end of learning," said his mother, knowing her son's sad heart. "Your father can teach you many things himself. While you help him weave new thatch for the roof during the hot season, perhaps he will tell you stories from our history which he knows well."

Swat's father was a well-known storyteller, and the idea that he might recite some of the tales excited both the children.

"Sir, you could teach me right now the story of—" began Swat.

"Me too," interrupted Boonsong.

"There is not time now, Swat, and you Boonsong, are very naughty to interrupt your older brother," scolded mother gently. "Now run along and bathe."

Swat led Boonsong down the ladder from the porch to the water jar which he had filled from the village well. Boonsong squealed in glee as he poured the cool water over her. In Thailand older boys as well as girls help care for the younger children. Soon Boonsong was dressed in the clean white blouse and blue skirt which Thai schoolgirls wear. Swat meantime had bathed and put on white shirt and dark shorts, the boys' school outfit.

The children said goodbye to their parents and ran to join Swat's friend Udom from next door. The two boys sauntered down the road, while Boonsong scampered behind, chasing butterflies.

"My father is afraid we won't have a good rice crop again this year and I won't be able to go to school next," confided Swat.

"Oh, next year is a long time off," comforted Udom. "Maybe something will happen. The fortune teller told my mother that something new will come to this village soon. I wonder what he meant. What would you

like it to be, Swat?"

"What I want is impossible I know, but I'd like to have books to read," said Swat.

"I'd like to have a pony," replied Udom. By then they had reached the long school building, standing high above the ground on sturdy pillars. Although it was the dry season and the school gardens only brown plots, there was a bright circle of flowers around the flag pole in the center of the spacious grounds. These, the children watered from big tanks at the corners of the building.

Soon the bell sounded, stopping the games and good-natured scuffles going on in the school yard. Swat and Udom, being honor students of the fourth grade, remained behind to raise the flag. From the kindergarten came the voices of Boonsong and her classmates:

Good morning, dear teacher,

Good morning, dear teacher,

Good morning, Khru Anand,

Good morning, everyone.

At the other end of the building the fourth graders stood at attention as their teacher entered. At his signal they sat down and he began to speak:

"Before we begin the lesson I have an important announcement to make. Listen carefully, for this concerns not only you but your families as well. (Swat and Udom glanced at each other as the same thought struck them—the fortune teller!) All of you have learned to read here at school and it is one of the most valuable things you have learned for it means your education does not have to stop when you stop going to school. Some of you will go on to higher schools but for some your formal education ends this year. Whatever you do you need books—books for study, for vacation reading, and for a lifetime of fun and knowledge. Would you like to have many books—like this or this?" asked the teacher, holding up some brightly colored volumes.

The children just stared for they couldn't

imagine how books reached the teacher in their village where no books had ever been seen.

"We in this village are poor and our country is not rich so we have never been able to buy books such as these. But we are lucky for now we have help. I am sure you remember the foreign visitors who told us about the United Nations last October."

"Members of the United Nations are pledged to help each other," continued the teacher. In the city is a teacher training school where I studied a long time ago. Now, people have come from other nations to help that school and our communities. One of the first things they decided was that we needed more books. They have prepared a traveling library which goes from place to place bringing books to each village. This afternoon it will come here for the first time. A librarian will visit us and explain how to use a library. Till then we must get on with our lessons," he smilingly concluded.

Thai children are very polite and no one interrupted the lessons, although their minds were teeming with questions. The day dragged slowly on, broken only by the lunch hour when pupils and teachers chattered excitedly about the new library. At last the closing bell rang and children poured out into the school yard. Some of the parents who had come for the littlest ones were persuaded to stay to see the new wonder.

Swat and Udom swung themselves up in a tree where they could see far down the road. They had hardly settled themselves when they leaped down again crying, "It's coming, it's coming," and raced to pick up Boonsong so she too could be among the first to see.

Down the road trotted two little brown horses pulling what looked like a large white van. As it swung into the school lane their wondering eyes read on its sides "The Library That Goes Places." It stopped in front of the school and down jumped the driver into a friendly and excited crowd. In a few

minutes the headmaster and a young lady, whom he introduced as the librarian, approached.

"I can see there are many readers in this village," said the young lady. "Let us open the library and I will tell you about it." The driver opened the sides of the cart showing three rows of shelves filled with books.

"Oh, how beautiful!" the crowd chorused.

"Books are beautiful," replied the librarian, "both inside and out. They are for everyone to read and we must keep them neat and clean. I know you will be careful but since you have not handled many books, let me give you some advice on how to give them a long life.

"Open them carefully so as not to break their backs; don't read while you are eating and try to wash your hands before you pick up a book; when you have finished it or are interrupted, put the book in a safe place.

"Each of you may borrow one book. I'm sorry you can't have more. This pony cart will come every month. Each time it comes you must return the books you have borrowed so you can have new ones. Now if you are ready, please come and choose your books. If you need help, I will be glad to try to find what you want."

Swat was already in the front line and he daringly picked up a book with careful hands. It was *The Four Kingdoms* and with it he approached the librarian.

"I'd like this one, ma'am," he spoke up respectfully.

"That's a very exciting book. It's about the lives of some of our greatest kings," said the librarian, "but it's pretty difficult. Are you sure you can read it?"

"I already know some of those stories from my father, and you said we could have a whole month to read in so I think I can read it several times," replied Swat, exaggerating a little.

The librarian smilingly drew a card from the back of the book and showed Swat where

to sign his name. Moving off to let other people have a chance, and browsing among the shelves, he found a book of folk tales.

"My mother loves folk tales, could I borrow this one for her?" he came back to inquire. "I'm sorry, each person has to sign for his own book. Perhaps she could come this evening for the library will be open then," the librarian told him.

"Swat's house is very far and I don't think his mother could come. I would be glad to sign my name for it," said Swat's teacher.

"Oh thank you, sir. I know my mother will be so happy," cried Swat.

Just then Udom appeared waving a book-let full of pictures of eggs and chickens.

"Swat, look at this, wouldn't you like to learn to raise chickens?" he asked.

"Oh dear, I'm afraid I don't dare ask to borrow another book," said Swat. The librarian overheard him. "You may each have one of those to keep," she smiled. "That is not a book but a pamphlet. The government prints many free pamphlets." The two boys retired to the edge of the crowd eagerly reading.

"Say," exclaimed Swat, "if we could raise chickens we could make enough money selling eggs to go to school next year."

"Yes, but I don't think our fathers could afford to buy chickens," said Udom.

"Perhaps I can help," spoke up the headmaster, who had been watching them. "The government has given us a number of baby chicks for people who know how to take care of them. Study the pamphlet and come and see me again."

The boys eagerly agreed and said a respectful goodbye. They rushed off to find Boonsong so they could hurry home with their treasures. They found Boonsong in tears.

"But I want a book too," she wailed, "and that lady tells me I can't have one because I can't write my name."

"Never mind 'Song, I'll read one of mother's stories to you every night," comforted her big brother, as the three started homeward.

"What a wonderful day," chattered Udom.

"What wonderful things are books!" Swat's black eyes shone as he spoke. "Something new indeed has come to Ban Charoen today."

(END)

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED COLLINS



"Never mind, 'Song!", Swat said. "I'll read one of mother's folk tales to you every night."

We have fun exchanging albums.

For three years 6th graders in St. Agnes School, Cincinnati, Ohio, have been having fun making and exchanging albums with schools overseas. The newest album they have made they called "A Portrait of America."

In this album they have tried to show their country as they know it. They made a drawing of the flag and wrote a story about it. They mounted pictures they had sketched of their classroom, of a snow scene near their school. They put in pictures of birds, pressed flowers, a sample book report, and stories

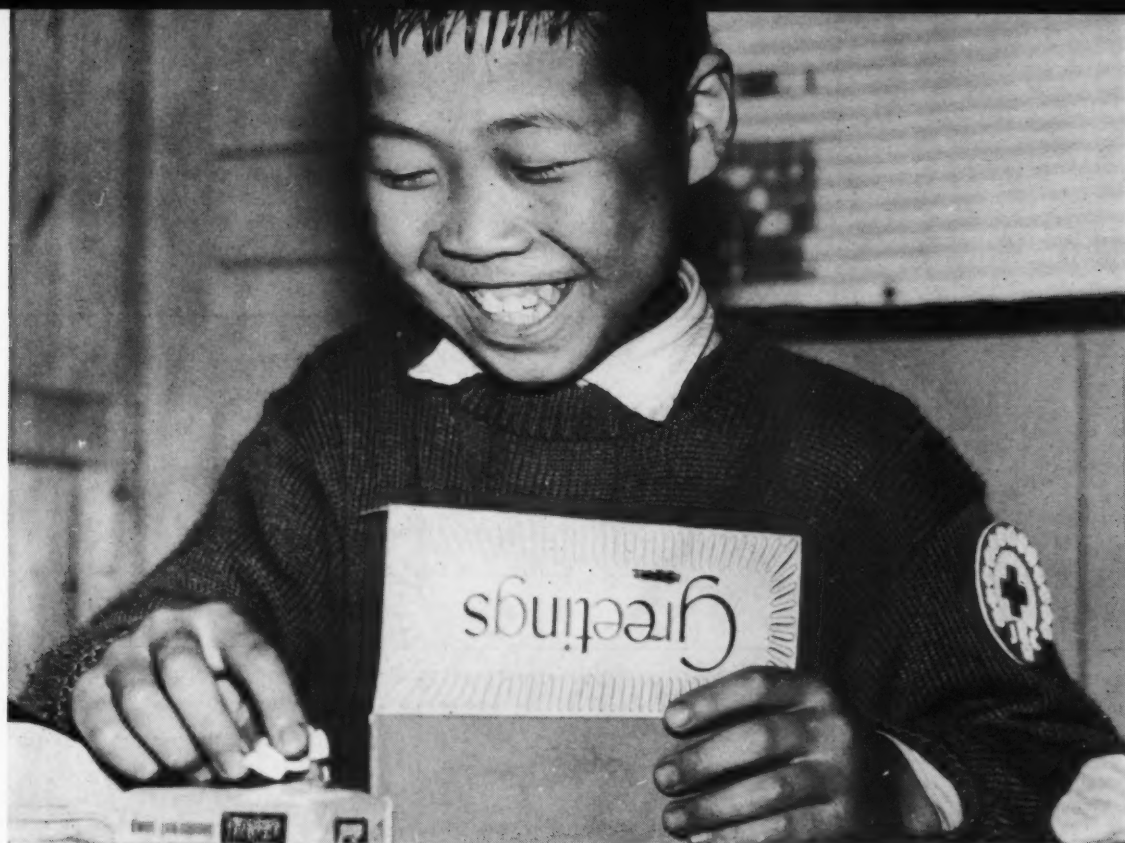
about their favorite holidays.

This album they made especially for a school in Greece in exchange for one they received from that country. They have also had albums from Switzerland, Italy, and England.

Their teacher, Sister Mary Joselle, said: "We use the albums in our geography class. We think an album makes the lesson more interesting, and establishes a relationship between our pupils and the countries they are studying about."



"Right here is Switzerland, and over there is Greece, Italy, and England," says Gary Van Hoene (l) and Michael Levin (r), 6th graders at St. Agnes School, Cincinnati, as they locate countries with whom they have exchanged correspondence albums.



PHOTOS BY HIDEHIKO SHINOHARA, EDITOR, JAPANESE JUNIOR RED CROSS MAGAZINE

Junior Red Cross opens new world for

JAPANESE VILLAGE CHILDREN

By Sachiko Hashimoto
Assistant National Director
Japanese Junior Red Cross

Away off in the mountains of Japan are remote villages visited now and then only by hares and foxes, where children have never used electricity nor radio. With no electricity they depend on oil lanterns at night and it keeps children busy to clean the shades with their small hands. The only transportation which connects the villages to the nearest town after a 50-minute ride is a bus which runs once every few days, but stops when it rains and all through winter due to snow. Then they have to go on foot to town if necessary and it takes them 3 hours.

Newspapers come to these villages only when the buses bring them, so no one is interested in reading them. All the villagers want the newspapers for is to paste them on their sliding doors to keep out the cold. How dark and unhealthful then are their homes! The families too have no way to take a bath, neither tub nor soap.

With no hot lunch program in school, most of the pupils take boiled millet or barley wrapped in newspapers to school. In a corner of their classroom they pour it into their mouths as they stand around the room.

Many of the children take their baby brothers or sisters tied to their backs to school with them. During class, they cannot concentrate on study. "Why do we have to come to school for such hard work as study?" they ask their teachers. "It is better to stay home making charcoal. We can make money that way and so please our parents." You see their parents live by hard manual labor in farming or making charcoal unceasingly from morning until night.

Imagine then how the world was changed for these village children when an invitation to go to the big city of Yokohama, near Tokyo, was sent to them from American Junior Red Cross members in the American Dependents Schools. A boy and a girl in each of the schools and their teachers were asked to be guests of the Americans during Japan's

first Junior Red Cross Week.

When these children from the faraway villages came for the meeting, they were presented gift boxes by the American Junior Red Cross council. Seventeen hundred gift boxes and three high school chests in all were given to the Japanese children.

Those gift boxes, filled by members of the American Junior Red Cross with all sorts of little items, opened up a whole new world to the children when they returned to their villages. They couldn't get over the kindness on the part of children they didn't know.

Before they went to Yokohama and received the boxes, the teachers had had a great deal of trouble trying to interest the children in learning. To them a pen seemed heavier than a piece of charcoal. When their teachers tried to teach them how to write letters, they

Children at the Kyowa Elementary School, Japan, isolated among mountains, are happy with sea-shells sent by JRCers in a beach school.



Mr. Mitsuteru Oguri, Principal, Kyowa School, delivers a JRC gift box which was sent in commemoration of the first Junior Red Cross Week in Japan.



said, "Why should we learn how? We would never need to write one."

But after they received the gift boxes and opened them in their schools, immediately their ideas began to change. All of a sudden letter writing took on a new life in their minds. They wanted to write to the children who had sent the boxes and thank them. In their minds for the first time they began to think of those other children so far away, how they went to school, too, and how they lived, and played games.

Sometimes the world seems full of despair and disappointment. Then comes new hope through the Red Cross. The gift boxes you give may be tiny but remember, they mean a lot. Sometimes, as in the case of the children in the faraway villages in Japan, they even open up a new world.



It is always fun to admire gifts received by our friends.

The girls were pleased with their gift boxes and couldn't get over the kindness on the part of children they didn't know.



Mr. Save-it

By Ruth Everding Libbey

MR. SAVE-IT was a happy little roly-poly man. He lived in a one-room house near the Village School.

His real true name was Mr. Hall
But no one called him that at all.

For as long as anyone could remember,
everyone called him Mr. Save-It because . . .

He saved and SAVED most anything,
But papers he liked best, and string.

So every day as the boys and girls walked
to school they brought as many newspapers
as they could carry. And as much string as
they could find for him.

Each morning Mr. Save-It put a big empty
box outside of his front gate. And every
evening he took the box inside. Sometimes
it was so heaped with papers and string that
it was all he could do to carry it.

After supper Mr. Save-It always sat down
in his little squeak-squock-ity-squock red
rocking chair and tied the papers in neat
bundles.

Then as he wound the string in tight round
balls he whispered. . . .

"Oh, little red chair
Let's rockety-rock."

and

The rocking chair sang
"Squeak-Squock-ity-squock."

Mr. Save-It had been saving papers and
string for such a long time that his little one-
room house was VERY crowded.

Bundles and BUNDLES of papers were
stacked around the walls. And balls and
BALLS of string filled everything.

One evening as Mr. Save-It was getting
ready to cook he sighed. . . .

"Oh, where is my saucepan?
I can't find a thing.

Well, here is the teapot
But it only pours string."

All the poor man had for supper that night
was cold beans and faucet-water.

Then he looked for the dishpan. It was



filled with balls of string and so was the sink. He had to go out in the front yard and wash his spoon and plate with the garden hose.

As Mr. Save-It sat down in his little squeak-squock-ity-squock red rocking-chair to fold papers, he looked around him and thought. . . .

"No room for my table
No room for my bed
Because stacks of papers
Are high as my head."

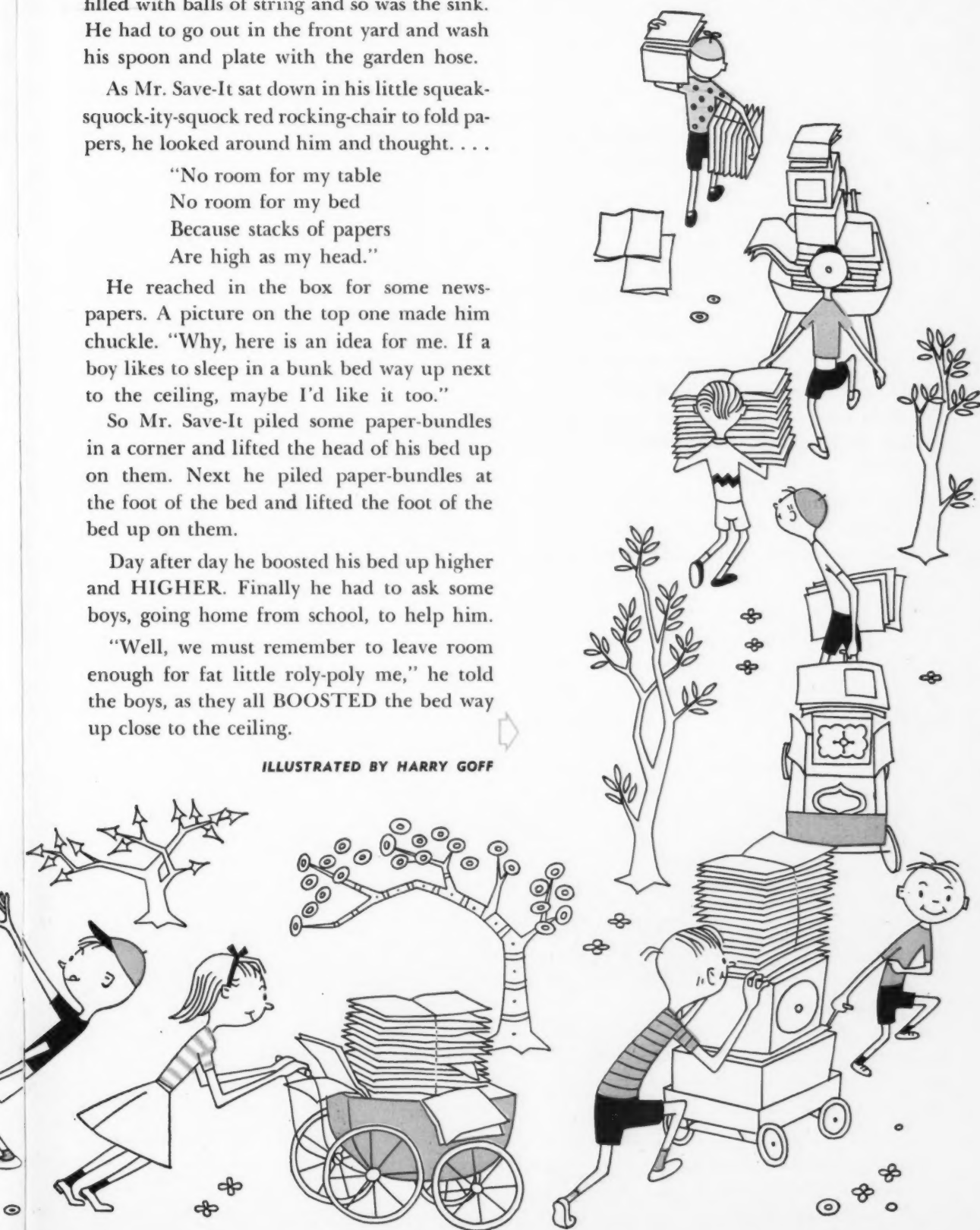
He reached in the box for some newspapers. A picture on the top one made him chuckle. "Why, here is an idea for me. If a boy likes to sleep in a bunk bed way up next to the ceiling, maybe I'd like it too."

So Mr. Save-It piled some paper-bundles in a corner and lifted the head of his bed up on them. Next he piled paper-bundles at the foot of the bed and lifted the foot of the bed up on them.

Day after day he boosted his bed up higher and HIGHER. Finally he had to ask some boys, going home from school, to help him.

"Well, we must remember to leave room enough for fat little roly-poly me," he told the boys, as they all BOOSTED the bed way up close to the ceiling.

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY GOFF



Mr. Save-It didn't have a ladder like the one beside the bunk bed in the picture. At first he had to stand on a chair to get into his bed. Then he had to stand on the table

One night he found that even the chair on top of the table wasn't high enough for him to climb into his bunk bed.

So he tried to sleep in his little red rocking chair. But it was very VERY uncomfortable.

The next morning he thought and THOUGHT. Then he had an idea. "I know what I'll do," he smiled to himself. "Since I don't have a ladder I will build paper-bundle stairs up to the side of my bunk bed."

And that is what he did . . .

But many times he slid

When climbing from his bunk

And shot down stairs KERPLUNK!

One night Mr. Save-It went out to the gate to get the box of papers and string.

The box was empty. And the next day . . . and the next day . . . and the NEXT it was still empty.

"That is mighty strange," said Mr. Save-It.

So in the morning he waited at the gate. He wanted to ask the boys and girls just what had happened.

"Why Mr. Save-It, didn't you know that all the schools for miles around are having a paper drive?" asked one of the girls.

"There is a prize for the school that gets the most," said one of the boys, as he sat down to rest on his bundle of papers.

"And didn't you know that it is time for the Sky-high kite contest?" asked another boy whose pockets were bulging with string. "We are making kites galore and need balls and BALLS of string."

"Well, well! WELL!" laughed Mr. Save-It. "Tell all the boys and girls to come over to my house after school. There are

So many papers on the floor

That I can never close my door.

Can't even find my rocking chair

String-balls and papers everywhere."

As soon as school was out the boys and

girls and even the teachers carried and hauled the papers and ALL the string away from Mr. Save-It's little house.

And do you know what?

Their school won the first prize. A beautiful American flag.

And the blue, green, red, and yellow kites flew way WAY up in the sky. They had never flown so high. For no kite-flyers had ever had so many balls of string before.

Mr. Save-It was very proud.

As soon as he reads his newspaper Mr. Save-It takes it out to the box by the gate.

As soon as he unwinds string from a parcel he puts it out in the box for the boys and girls. They are getting an early start for the next school paper drive. And for the next Sky-high kite contest.

AND DO YOU KNOW WHAT?

Mr. Save-It is very VERY HAPPY these days because . . .

His house is neat as it can be

His teapot pours fruit-juice or tea

And when he climbs into his bed

He never NEVER bumps his head.

Answers to puzzle page 13

ACROSS

- 3. Redskin
- 7. Sweep
- 10. On
- 11. Ho
- 12. Turkey
- 14. Room
- 15. Is
- 16. Rid
- 17. S.S.
- 18. Pans
- 20. Thanksgiving
- 23. Hip
- 24. S.E.
- 25. Spy
- 26. Gem

DOWN


- 1. Ash
- 2. Veto
- 4. Dressing
- 5. K.O.
- 6. Indians
- 8. Worship
- 9. Pumpkin
- 13. King
- 17. St.
- 19. Asp
- 21. N.H.
- 22. Get



Photo-Art photo

Soft Toys

"I have my dollies," says this bright-eyed little girl in Portland, Oregon, as she hugs her soft toys tight in her arms. These toys are only two of the many made by Portland JRCers this time of year to be given away at Christmas time.



Winter Is Near

Words and Music by
Beth Milliken Joerger

When au-tumn leaves are fall-ing We know that win-ter's near, We
We like the feel of snow-flakes As they drift soft-ly down, We

love the feel of au-tumn wind For snow will soon be here; Though
like to see our cher-ry tree Dressed in a new white gown, And

au-tumn brings the red and gold, And gay chry-san-the-mums, We
wheth-er there is sun or clouds, We get our bob-sleds out, And

still think it's a lot more fun When win-ter snow comes.
when we go to-bog-gan-ing We gai-ly laugh and shout.

Illustrated by Jo E. Irwin

